

Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,  
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,  
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch  
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

*Sal.* Not one my Lord.

Besides, it should appeare, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it: neuer did I know  
A creature that did beare the shape of man  
So keene and greedy to confound a man.  
He pyles the Duke at morning and at night,  
And doth impeach the freedome of the state  
If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,  
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes  
Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,  
But none can driue him from the enuious plea  
Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond.

*Iessi.* When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare  
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Countrie-men,  
That he would rather haue *Antonio's* flesh,  
Then twenty times the value of the summe  
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,  
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,  
It will goe hard with poore *Antonio*.

*Por.* Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit  
In doing curtesies: and one in whom  
The ancient Romane honour more appeares  
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.

*Por.* What summe owes he the Jew?

*Bass.* For me three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What, no more?

Pay him sixe thousand, and deface the bond:  
Double fixe thousand, and then tiele that;  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanio's* fault.  
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,  
And then away to Venice to your friend:  
For neuer shall you lie by *Portia's* side  
With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along,  
My maid *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time  
Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,  
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day:  
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,  
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.  
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

*Sweet Bassanio, my ships haue all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all debts are cleerd betwene you and I; if I might see you at my death: notwithstanding, vse your pleasure, if your loue doe not perswade you to come, let not my letter.*

*Por.* O lone! dispatch all busines and be gone.

*Bass.* Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,  
I will make hast; but till I come againe,  
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,  
Nor rest be interpos'd twixt vs twaine.

*Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Antonio, and the Taylor.*

*Jew.* Tylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,

This is the foole that lends out money gratis.

*Taylor,* looke to him;

*Ant.* Heare me yet good *Shylock*;

*Jew.* He haue my bond, speake not against my bond,  
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:  
Thou call'st me dog before thou hadst a cause,  
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs;  
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder  
Thou naughty Tylor, that thou art so fond  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee heare me speake.

*Jew.* He haue my bond; I will not heare thee speake,  
He haue my bond, and therefore speake no more,  
He not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld  
To Christian intercessors: follow not,  
He haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

*Sol.* It is the most impenetrable curie

That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone;

He follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:  
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;  
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures  
Many that haue at times made mone to me,  
Therefore he hates me.

*Sol.* I am sure the Duke will neuer grant  
this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The Duke cannot deny the course of law:  
For the commoditie that strangers haue  
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,  
Will much impeach the iustice of the State,  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,  
These griefes and losses haue so bated mee,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.  
Well Tylor, on spray God *Bassanio* come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

*Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a man of Portia.*

*Lor.* Madam, although I speake it in your presence,  
You haue a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.  
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,  
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,  
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,  
I know you would be prouder of the worke  
Then customary bounty can enforce you,

*Por.* I neuer did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do conuerse and waste the timetogether,  
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;  
Which makes me thinke that this *Antonio*  
Being the bosome louer of my Lord,  
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,  
How little is the cost I haue bestow'd  
In purchasing the semblance of my soule;  
From out the state of hellish cruelty,  
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe;  
Therefore no more of it: heere other things  
*Lorenzo* I commit into your hands,

The

The husbandry and mannage of my house,  
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part  
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,  
To liue in prayer and contemplation,  
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,  
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:  
There is a monastery too miles off,  
And there we will abide. I doe desire you  
Not to denie this imposition,  
The which my loue and some necessity  
Now layes vpon you.

*Lorenzo.* Madam, with all my heart,

I shall obey you in all faire commands.

*Por.* My people doe already know my minde,

And will acknowledge you and *Iessica*

In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.

So far you well till we shall meete againe.

*Lor.* Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.

*Iessi.* I wish your Ladieship all hearts content.

*Por.* I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd

To wishit backe on you: faryouwell *Iessica*.

*Now Bassanio,* as I haue euer found thee honest true,

Solet me finde thee still: take this same letter,

And vse thou all the inducior of a man,

In speed to Mantua, see thou render this

Into my cosins hand, Doctor *Belario*,

And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,

Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed

Vnto the Traneet, to the common Ferric

Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words,

But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I goe with all conuenient speed.

*Por.* Come on *Nerrissa*, I haue worke in hand

That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands

Before they thinke of vs?

*Nerrissa.* Shall they see vs?

*Portia.* They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habit,

That they shall thinke we are accomplished

With that we lacke; He hold thee any wager

When we are both accoutered like yong men,

He proue the prettier fellow of the two,

And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,

And speake betwene the change of man and boy,

With a reede voyce, and turne two minning steps

Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes

Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes

How honourable Ladies fought my loue,

Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.

I could not doe withall: then He repent,

And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;

And twentie of these punie lies He tell,

That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole

Above a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iacks,

Which I will practise.

*Nerris.* Why, shall wee turne to men?

*Portia.* Fie, what a questions that?

If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:

But come, He tell thee all my whole deuice

When I am in my coach, which staves for vs

At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,

For we must measure twentie miles to day.

*Enter Clowne and Iessica.*

*Clowne.* Yes truly; for looke you, the finnes of the

ther are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

*Iessica.* And what hope is that I pray thee?

*Clow.* Martie you may partlie hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

*Ief.* That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the sins of my mother should be visited vpon me.

*Clow.* Truly then I feare you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

*Ief.* I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian.

*Clow.* Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians enow before, e'ne as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not shortlie haue a rasher on the coales for money.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Ief.* He tell my husband *Lancelot* what you say, heere he comes.

*Loren.* I shall grow ielous of you shortly *Lancelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

*Ief.* Nay, you need not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Lancelot* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in heauen, because I am a Jewes daughter: and hee saies you are no good member of the common wealth, for in conuerting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of conuer.

*Loren.* I shall answere that better to the Common-wealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belie: the Moore is with childe by you *Lancelot*?

*Clow.* It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is indeed more then Iooke her for.

*Loren.* How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of witte will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

*Clow.* That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?

*Loren.* Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

*Clow.* That is done to sir, onely couer is the word.

*Loren.* Will you couer than sir?

*Clow.* Not so sir neither, I know my dutie.

*Loren.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Clow.* For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meat sir, it shall be couered, for your coming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall gouerne.

*Exit Clowne.*

*Lor.* O deare discretion, how his words are suted, The foole hath planted in his memory An Armie of good words, and I doe know A many fooles that stand in better place, Garnisht like him, that for a trickie word Defie the matter: how cheere'st thou *Iessica*, And now good sweet say thy opinion,

How